

A Fly Buzzed

The writer's style was always forced,
His mood was disconnected
He did not know when flies should buzz,
And always got rejected.

He closed his final draft one night
And dropped dead with the closing-
His pages strewn across the floor,
His body decomposing.

A fly lit on his gooey eye
And flew away unheeded
It landed on his manuscript
And stuck where one was needed.



They published him posthumously,
His wit provoking chuckles,
Because a fly buzzed where it lit
With humors on its knuckles.

*Don't try to force the flies to buzz
In your unique creations.
If you're intense about your tale
They'll find the right loquacions.*

Bud Morris

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